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THE STORY OF LIFE.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born;
A helpless babe to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy moon and night:
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between—and then?

And then apace the infant grows
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy despite his little woes.
Were he but conscious of his joy!
To be in short, from two to ten,
A merry, moody child—and then?

And then in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the Decalogue,
And break it, an unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog;
A truant oft by field and fen,
And capture butterflies—and then?

And then increased in strength and size,
To be, anon, a youth full grown;
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own;
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sin—and then?

And then, at last, to be a man
To fall in love, to woo and wed!
With seething brain to scheme and plan
To gather gold or toil for bread;
To sue for fame, with tongue and pen,
And gain or lose the prize—and then?

And then in gray and wrinkled eld
To mourn the speed of life's decline;
To praise the scenes of youth beheld,
And dwell in memory of lang syne;
To dream awhile with darkened ken,
Then drop into his grave—and then?

—*John G. Saxe.*

MR. SINGLETON'S MODEL.

"What is it guides my hand, what thoughts possess me,
That I have drawn her face?" * * * *
* * * * * "Oh, sweet dreams,
That through the vacant chambers of my heart
Walk in the silence, as familiar phantoms
Frequent an ancient house, what will ye with me?"

—*Longfellow.*

When Cissy Denzil came of age (she was an orphan) she determined that she would indulge her own caprices to the fullest extent. She sent for her aunt, an inoffensive old lady of sixty, to chaperone her, and rented a house in Bryanston square, not for the sake of the commanding situation, but because it was a dull neighborhood, respectably fashionable and calculated to exercise a soporific effect on her lively imagination. The agent declared the house to be thoroughly well-drained and upholstered, and, as it happened to please her, in less than a week she was as much at home there as if she had lived in town all her life.

Cissy Denzil undoubtedly possessed a dangerous originality. Without intending it, she was a constant thorn in her aunt's side. No sooner had Miss Webster recovered from one moral shower-bath than she received another. Now, Miss Webster did not like showerbaths; they gave her cold and interrupted her in the pursuit of the whole duty of woman, which was, in her case, to eat, drink and dress well, to go to church regularly, and to awaken Cissy to a sense of her many shortcomings.

But Cissy merrily refused to be roused. She was not at all overwhelmed by her iniquities. "I do like to see things for myself," she would say. "What is the use of living if I am to be always wrapped up in cotton wool, taken out for an airing, and then brought back again like those impossible dolls which children buy in the Lowther arcade? How can I live my life if I do not know what existence really is like? Owing to my ignorance of the world I shall make some dreadful mistake, and then it will be all your fault, aunty. Will it not, Mr. Singleton?"

Mr. Singleton was an artist who readily commanded a large price for his pictures. He was an old man, and had known Cissy Denzil from her childhood. To him she was wont to appeal when Miss Webster became plaintiff. Cissy amused him; he abetted her vagaries, provided that he saw they were harmless.

"I did not know that you had such a taste for realism," he replied. "Evidently Miss Webster will have a bad time of it, unless we can cure you."

"Poor aunty," said the girl, crossing the room and kneeling caressingly at the old lady's feet. "I am sure that I shall some day give you a fit."

"If you want to get a little insight into what human nature really is," said Singleton, jokingly, "come to my studio any morning and study the models. Put on a plain dress and bonnet, and get there early. Ten o'clock will be soon enough. You can easily reach Holland Park road from here. If you will come, I'll have some of the litter c'eared away, and you can watch me paint, sit, or do what you like. I often see twenty or thirty models in a day. Patient Griselda, Cardinal Wolsey, Fair Rosamond, Lucrezia Borgia and other well known characters come to me by the dozen. If I don't want them, they try the next studio. Artists are clustered as thickly together up there as lawyers are in Bedford row. That bareheaded, disguised—very much disguised, sometimes—a man with a history—French nobleman who sold papers in the strand was a frequent sitter of mine; he's dead now, poor fellow."

"I am to 'sit' on the usual terms?" asked Cissy. "What are the usual terms, Mr. Singleton?"

"A shilling an hour, and luncheon found," said Singleton. "In your case, Cissy, the luncheon shall be unexceptionable."

"Agreed," gayly cried Cissy. "Do not groan, aunty." (Miss Webster always made sepulchral noises when she did not approve of anything.) "There is nothing wrong in going to a studio, especially if it be swept and garnished."

Singleton went away and speedily forgot all about the matter. Cissy remembered.

The next morning Cissy started for Holland Park road, intent upon viewing a new phase of existence. She took Rollo with her—an enormous tawny mastiff, whose head was serenely unconscious of the mischief wrought by his tail among Cissy's dainty bric-a-brac. Rollo was of opinion that all bric-a-brac should be made of tin, cast iron or other solid metals, and testified his joy at being freed from the dangerous vicinity of eggshell ch na with many a bark and gambol.

Without misadventure this modern Una and her lion reached Singleton's studio, Cissy's fair face glowing with health and beauty, and Rollo much excited by many a fruitless chase after cats, which would slip between railings when he had nearly reached them.

Cissy and Rollo entered the studio. There was no one there.

Singleton's studio (he shared it in common with Hugh Darrell, a young fellow-artist, though Cissy knew not the fact) was a lofty room, some thirty feet square. It was hung round with the usual artistic properties; bits of old oak occupied the corners, a suit of armor peeped from underneath the glowing hues of a Smyrna carpet, and at the further end of the room was a dais of empty egg-boxes, evidently intended for the models. There was one small picture on an easel, with the face slightly sketched in, representing a forlorn-looking damsel going through a wood.

"Make yourself at home, Rollo," said Cissy; "some one is sure to come presently."

Rollo did so—on the unarmored part of the Smyrna carpet.

"What the deuce is that dog—I beg your pardon," said Darrell, entering the studio suddenly.

"He is my dog," demurely said Cissy. "Is not Mr. Singleton coming to-day?"

"No; he has been called away to the country. If it is not a rude question, may I ask who you are?"

"Certainly; I am Mr. Singleton's model."

"Then allow me to point out to you, in the politest possible manner in the world, that it is not usual for the dogs—when they have dogs—of young persons who act as models to repose upon a valuable carpet like that."

"Take him off, then," said Cissy, irritated at being called "a young person," and making a sign to Rollo not to move.

Darrell approached Rollo, and measured his length on the floor.

"You see, I am afraid that he will not stir," said Cissy.

Darrell dusted himself in silence. There was a perplexed look on his face. No ordinary model would behave so. "I ought to order you out of the studio," he said, "only the fact is my model has disappointed me, and I was looking for another when you came in."

"Shall I do?" asked Cissy, very much amused, and picturing to herself Miss Webster's face when she should hear of this adventure. "What are your terms?" in her most businesslike manner.

"Ninepence an hour."

"I think that is rather mean. Mr. Singleton always pays a shilling an hour and luncheon. He told me so."

"Oh! Singleton is rich and famous; I am not."

"I will agree to it if you will give Rollo some lunch."

"Done," he said, laughing at her coolness. He had hither regarded her with anything but professional eyes. If he could only transfer that lovely face to canvas he felt certain of success. She was admirably adapted for Œnone, if she would but look sorrowful enough.

"And now, having arranged the preliminaries, what am I to do?" she asked.

"Will you kindly mount the dais?" said Darrell.

"What! Those egg-boxes!"

"Yes."

"Are they not rather uncomfortable?"

"Œnone ought to look uncomfortable. You will be of no use unless you do."

"I never heard that Œnone sat upon egg-boxes. Wasn't she the wife of Paris?"

"Yes; he abandoned her. She comes weeping through the wood. Now imagine that she has been deserted by him; that he has returned to her, wounded by the poisoned arrow of Philoctetes; and that she has refused to heal the wound. Realize the situation."

"I am afraid that I cannot realize all that at once," said Cissy, settling himself as comfortably as she could; "I never did think Paris worth crying about."

Darrell got rid of the former face, and sketched in the new one. He was a young artist of great genius, and really anxious of proving so to the world. It was an exceptional face which he endeavored to copy.

At the end of two hours Rollo leisurely got off the Smyrna carpet and yawned.

"He wants his lunch," said Cissy.

"Oh, very good," said Darrell, helplessly. "That's in the compact, is it not?"

"Yes."

"What does he generally have?"

"Biscuits," sententiously.

"But I haven't any."

"Then you must buy some."

"Cool, for a model," thought Darrell, but he hastened to get his hat.

As he was going out she stopped him.

"My eighteenpence," she said, holding out a small, white hand.

"Are you afraid I shall not pay you?" he angrily asked.

"You might not come back," she answered.

He gave her eighteenpence and went round the corner to the baker's for biscuits. When he returned she had disappeared, dog and all. No token of her presence remained, but one expensive little glove on the egg-boxes, and a lovely, mournful face peeping out from the canvas.

He took up the little glove curiously, and put it into his pocket.

"Aunty, dear," said Cissy, gravely, that evening, "my imagination is quieted at last. I have had an adventure which might have proved a very serious one, only the man was a gentleman. My visit to the artistic world has earned me—eighteenpence."

Darrell took the sketch home and painted with feverish ardor. For some reason, unaccountable to himself even, he never mentioned the matter to Singleton. Œnone was worked at from morning until night. He sent it to the Academy, where it was accepted, and hung in a very good place. The young artist received a dozen offers for it in as many days. He declined to part with the picture; it was not for sale, he said, but he would gladly execute commissions.

It chanced one day that he took Singleton to see the Œnone, explaining as he did so the reason for his reticence. "Something tells me," he said, earnestly, "that I shall meet that girl again. She was as sweet and true as my own sisters. It may seem folly and madness to you, Singleton, but her face haunts me. I shall never forget her."

"I cannot think of any model of that sort, but I know this face," said Singleton, as they halted before the picture. "I knew it when the girl was a little creature of four, and am not likely to forget her now. Where did you see her, Darrell? You have caught the likeness marvelously."

"Œnone seeking Paris," read out a clear, sweet voice behind them. "I wonder how I shall look, aunty? That escapade seems to have had a more lasting result than you imagined."

Singleton turned round. "How do you do, Cissy? Permit me, Miss Webster, to present my friend, Hugh Darrell."

* * * * * *

Time, a year later. Scene, the lake district. Dramatis personæ, young artist and wife, in whom it is easy to recognize Cissy and Hugh Darrell.

"Oh, Hugh," she says, suddenly, taking a locket from her chain, "here is some money of yours."

"Money!" He opens the locket. There are the identical shilling and battered, disreputable-looking sixpence which he had given her.

"Yes," she laughs, "the money you paid Mr. Singleton's model."—*London Society.*

A Brief Courtship.

Night before last a sandy-haired young man employed as a bookkeeper for a prominent Woodward avenue firm, went on a lark, and, being of a social disposition, proceeded to make the acquaintance of the public by handing his cards to everybody he met on the street. At the corner of Congress and Criswold streets he gave a pasteboard to a rather comely-looking damsel, and followed up the attack with sundry complimentary remarks which ended in a proposal of marriage. The young lady "sized" up the suitor, and seeing nothing bad about him except his hair she accepted. A buggy was procured and driven to the residence of Justice Patton, the young man expressing his desire to marry at once, without any unnecessary delay or foolishness. The ceremony was accordingly performed, and then the happy pair went to the Brunswick hotel.

In the morning the bridegroom began to think that, perhaps, he had been a little hasty, and made an investigation to see if the marriage was legal. Finding the knot was tied as fast as the law could do it, he next looked up the divorce laws and saw nothing in them that would get him out of his dilemma. He was married, and no mistake; so he determined to put a good face on the matter. This morning he called at the *News* office and asked to have the names of himself and bride suppressed. He had inquired about the girl, and finding she was of good character had made up his mind that he had stumbled to a good thing. He further said that on learning the facts his employer had raised his salary, and that he and his bride would at once begin a happy career of housekeeping. The Mascot in this singular case was, before her marriage, a sewing-girl, and has a brother and sister living in Detroit. Until the parties met, as before stated, night before last, they were total strangers and had never seen each other before.—*Detroit News.*

Medicinal Qualities of the Tomato.

As an incentive to farmers to see that tomatoes are well represented in their gardens, a writer in *Home and Farmer* dilates on their medicinal qualities: "Their slight acidity has a cooling effect and renders them very grateful in the heat of summer, and moreover their juice has an effect similar to that of blue mass. So effective is this juice that I know from experience and observation that an abundant use of tomatoes at all meals goes a long way toward warding off the malarial fevers that are common in some farming districts. There are many sections of the country where farmers' families suffer every summer from mild types of malarial fever, and in such cases, while the abundant use of tomatoes may not wholly prevent development of the ailment, it will always greatly alleviate it."

Wars Between England and France.

The following calculation shows the dates and duration of wars between England and France. Within a period of 700 years there were 266 years of desolating wars:

1111—One year.	1557—Two years.
1161—Twenty-five y'rs	1562—Two years.
1211—Fifteen years.	1627—Two years.
1224—Nine years.	1666—One year.
1294—Five years.	1689—Ten years.
1339—Twenty-one y'rs	1702—Eleven years.
1360—Fifty-two years.	1745—Four years.
1442—Forty-nine y'rs.	1756—Seven years.
1492—One month.	1776—Seven years.
1512—Two years.	1793—Nine years.
1521—Six years.	1803—Eleven years.
1543—One year.	1815—Fourteen years.

THE BAD BOY AND HIS PA.

A FEW FRIENDS SPEND THE EVENING AT THEIR HOUSE.

The Bad Boy Overhears an Experience Meeting and the Old Gentleman Gets Into More Trouble.

"What is this I hear," inquired the grocery man of the bad boy, "about your pa fighting a duel with the minister in the back yard, and wounding him in the leg, and then trying to drown himself in the cistern? One of your new neighbors was in here this morning and told me there was murder in the air at your house last night, and they were going to have the police pull your place as a disorderly house. I think you were at the bottom of the whole business.'

"Oh, it's all a blame lie, and those neighbors will find they had better keep still about us, or we will lie about them a little. You see, since pa got that blacking on his face he don't go out any, and to make it pleasant for him ma invited in a few friends to spend the evening. Ma has got up around, and the baby is a daisy, only it smells like a goat on account of drinking the goat's milk. Ma invited the minister among the rest, and after supper the men went up into pa's library to talk. Oh, you think I am bad, don't you? but of the nine men at our house last night, I am an angel compared with what they were when they were boys. I got in the bathroom to untangle my fish line, and it is next to pa's room, and I could hear everything they said, but I went away 'cause I thought the conversation would hurt my morals. They would all steal when they were boys, but darned if I ever stole. Pa has stole over a hundred wagon-loads of watermelons, one deacon used to rob orchards, another one shot tame ducks belonging to a farmer, and another tipped over grindstones in front of the village store at night, and broke them and run, another used to steal eggs and go out into the woods and boil them, and the minister was the worst of the lot, cause he took a seine, with some other boys, and went to a stream where a neighbor was raising brook trout, and cleaned the stream out, and to ward off suspicion he went to the man the next day and paid him a dollar to let him fish in the stream, and then kicked because there were no trout, and the owner found the trout were stolen and laid it to some Dutch boys. I wondered, when these men were telling their experience, if they ever thought of it now when they were preaching and praying and taking up collections. I should think they wouldn't say a boy was going to the bad right off 'cause he was a little wild nowadays, when he has such an example. Well, lately somebody has been burgling our chicken coop, and pa loaded an old musket with rock salt, and said he would fill the fellow full of salt if he caught him, and while they were talking upstairs ma heard a rooster squawk, and she went to the stairway and told pa there was somebody in the hen house. Pa jumped up and told the visitors to follow him and they would see a man running down the alley full of salt, and he rushed out with the gun, and the crowd followed him. Pa is shorter than the rest, and he passed under the first wire clothesline in the yard all right, and was going for the hen-house on a jump, when his neck caught the second wire clothesline just as the minister and two of the deacons caught their necks under the other wire. You know how a wire, hitting a man on the throat, will set him back, head over appetite. Well, sir, I was looking out the back window, and I wouldn't be positive, but I think they all turned back somersaults and struck on their ears. Anyway, pa did, and the gun must have been cocked, or it struck the hammer on a stone, for it went off, and it was pointed toward the house, and three of the visitors got salted. The minister was hit the worst, one piece of salt taking him in the hind leg, and the other in the back, and he yelled as though it was dynamite. I suppose when you shoot a man with salt it smarts, like when you get corned beef brine on your hands. They all yelled, and pa seemed to have been knocked silly, some way, for he pranced around and seemed to think he had killed them. He swore at the clothesline, and then I missed pa and heard a splash like when you throw a cat in the river, and then I thought of the cistern, and I went down and we took pa by the collar and pulled him out. Oh, he was awful damp. No, sir, it was no duel at all, but a naxident, and I didn't have anything to do with it. The gun wasn't loaded to kill, and the salt only went through the skin, but those men did yell. Maybe it was my chum that stirred up the chickens, but I don't know. He has not commenced to lead a different life yet, and he might think it would make our folks sick if nothing occurred to make them pay attention. I think where a family has been having a good deal of exercise, the way ours has, it hurts them to break off too suddenly. But the visitors went home, real quick, after we got pa out of the cistern, and the minister told ma he always felt, when he was in our house, as though he was on the verge of a yawning crater, ready to be engulfed any minute, and he guessed he wouldn't come any more. Pa changed his clothes and told ma to have them wire clotheslines changed for rope ones."

Given Up by the Doctors.

"Is it possible, Mr. Stone, that you are up and about?"

"It is a happy fact, sir."

"Why, I thought the doctors gave you up?"

"So they did, and it was a happy day for both."

"What did they give you up for?"

"They gave me up for poor pay and a dead duck, and that's how I got well."—*Cheek.*

HEALTH HINTS.

German oculists say that the use of slates tends to make children near-sighted, and some of the German school boards are substituting pens and paper for slate and slate pencils.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

The careful application of a small piece of the ointment of the oleate of copper at night upon retiring will usually remove freckles. The oleate copper ointment should be prepared by dissolving one drachm of the salt of oleate of copper in sufficient oleopalmitic acid to make a soft ointment. —*Shoemaker.*

An excellent authority in medicine recommends a little common sugar as a remedy for a dry, hacking cough, and gives scientific reasons for it. If troubled at night or on first waking in the morning, have a little cup on a stand close by the bed, and take half a teaspoonful; this will be of benefit when cough syrups fail.

Dr. Clouston, of Edinburgh, says: All acute mental diseases, like most nervous diseases, tend to thinness of body, and therefore all foods and all medicines and all treatments that fatten are good. To my assistants and nurses and patients I preach the gospel of fatness as the great antidote to the exhausting tendencies of the disease we have to treat, and it would be well if all people of nervous constitution would obey this gospel.

Presence of Mind.

Four officers sitting in a bungalow in India, writes Miss C. C. Hopley in her recent book, "Snakes," were deep in a game of whist. Suddenly one of them, turning deadly pale, made signs that no one should move or speak. In a hushed whisper he exclaimed:

"Keep still, for heaven's sake! I feel a cobra crawling about my legs!"

He knew that timidity was one of the strongest characteristics of the snake, and that, if not disturbed or alarmed, it would in due time depart of its own accord. All present were accustomed to the stealthy intruders, and did not, happily, lose their presence of mind. They very noiselessly bent down so as to take a survey beneath the table, when, sure enough, there was the unwelcome visitor, a full-sized cobra, twining and gliding about the legs of their helpless friend. Literally, death was at his feet. A movement, a noise, even an agitated tremble might have been fatal.

Luckily one of the four was acquainted with the milk-loving habit of the cobra, and, rising, with quiet and cautious movements from his seat, not daring to hasten, yet dreading delay, he managed to steal from the room, while he signed the rest to remain motionless. Quickly he crept back with a saucer of milk in his hand, and, still with noiseless movements, set the saucer under the table as close to the terrible reptile as it was safe to venture. The fearful strain on their nerves was happily of not long duration, for presently they were relieved by seeing the creature gradually untwine itself and go to the milk. Never before did that officer leap from his seat as he did then, the moment he felt himself free from the coils of the cobra, and read in the faces of his comrades that he was saved. Short shrift, however, had Mr. Cobra, for sticks and whip-handles were freely administered, even before the saucer was reached. The enemy got rid of, the game was resumed, and it is worth the while of those in India to bear this escape in mind and bring milk to the rescue in case of similar peril.

In the Lions' Den.

Great excitement followed in Brussels when it was announced that the Marchioness de Hautefeuille would enter the lions' den with Bidel, the celebrated lion tamer. There are seven lions in the den. The menagerie was crammed. Bets were given and taken that she would withdraw at the last moment. The skeptics were wrong. At the appointed hour Bidel appeared with the Marchioness de Hautefeuille leaning on his arm. She was dressed in a very elegant costume of black velvet trimmed with black lace. Bidel entered the den. She followed. He twice made the seven lions walk in Indian file before her. She was pale—that was the only tribute she paid to feminine nature, which shrieks at the sight of a mouse and screams if a garter-snake edges up to her. The audience applauded. Bidel complimented her.

How to Treat a Drunken Man.

A man who is thoroughly drunk needs as much good treatment as any other who from different causes is unable to take care of himself. His temperature is lowered and he is liable when in such condition to contract disease, especially pneumonia. He should be put to bed and kept warm instead of being locked up in a cold cell. Of course it does not seem just, according to the common way of looking at the matter, to treat a man well who has voluntarily placed himself in such a state; but, when you think that life may be at stake, it does not seem so unreasonable. A drunken man is almost invariably in a condition to contract pneumonia, the worst form of this disease being alcoholic pneumonia, and very few of these cases recover. The police should at least see that such a person is kept warm and not suffered to lie in the wet and cold.—*Dr. A. E. Nicols.*

The colony of Russian refugee Jews founded at Waterview, Va., last October, is doing remarkably well. The dozen families have a farm of 800 acres, work industriously, and are establishing comfortable homes.

A floating fish cannery was recently launched at Victoria, British Columbia. It is an immense structure and designed to follow the runs of salmon from river to river.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The Venezuela cow tree yields a liquid with the flavor of cream.

There is said to be one physician to every thirteen families in the United States.

Of the 1,433,887,500 inhabitants on earth about 850,000,000 are idolators, 170,000,000 Mohammedans or Jews.

The largest vessels in the English navy cost a million and a quarter to build, and nearly a thousand dollars a day to keep them at sea afterward.

The Sussex county farmer, in England, plows with three to five horses in a single line, and cries to his animals, "Mather woot," or "Come hither, wilt thou?"

A man breathes about eighteen times a minute and uses about three thou and cubic feet, or about three hundred and seventy-five hogsheads, of air per hour.

Professor W. A. Rogers has recorded the curious discovery that the microscope may fail to show lines or errors in ruled lines which may be detected with the unaided eye.

It is said that 9,000 bodies are annually cremated in Japan. The furnace is a stone and cement structure, with a tall chimney, which gives it the appearance of a factory.

The Washington monument, which has now reached a height of 340 feet, and will be 555 feet high when completed (in 1884), tapers so gradually that its width at the top will be only thirteen and three-quarter feet less than that at the base.

The clown is no longer the most important person in the circus ring. His name is not printed conspicuously in the bills of the larger traveling shows, he is not permitted to hawk his song books, and often he is reduced to pantomime, the remotest rural audiences having ceased to laugh at his time-worn jokes.

The largest empire in the world is that of Great Britain, comprising 8,558,658 square miles, more than one-sixth part of the land of the globe, and embracing under its rule nearly a sixth of the population of the world. In territorial extent the United States ranks third, containing 3,580,242 square miles, including Alaska; in population it is fourth in rank, with its 50,000,000 inhabitants.

The Indian Empire.

The reader already knows that the great peninsula of Hindostan, in Southern Asia, with its 200,000,000 of souls and its vast sources of wealth, is ruled absolutely by the English crown. Hindostan has come into English hands as the result of a series of conquests, extending over the past two centuries.

Up to 1858, India (as Hindostan is usually called) was governed by a great commercial corporation known as the East India company. This company established itself there for the purposes of trade more than 200 years ago. As it grew in wealth, the company began to make military conquests, and to govern the native races thus subjected to its sway; until finally the company found itself the absolute ruler over nearly the entire peninsula. In 1858, however, the government of India was transferred from the East India company to the British crown. A cabinet office was created—that of secretary of state for India; and this minister has ever since had charge of the affairs of the great dependency, representing it in the cabinet and in parliament. He is aided in governing India by a council, part of which is named by the crown and part by the directors of the old East India company.

The real autocrat of India, however, is the governor-general, or viceroy. He is now appointed by the crown, usually holds office for five years, and receives a salary of $125,000 a year. He resides in a palace at Calcutta, and lives in great state and splendor. He is always a British nobleman of high rank and marked executive ability. The present governor-general is the Marquis of Ripon. The governor-general is assisted in governing the Hindoo millions by a council of five members, to whom is added the commander-in-chief of the Indian army. This council, like the governor-general, is appointed by the crown.

The sway of the governor-general over India is simply that of an absolute despot. Aside from the control of the secretary of state in London his power knows no limit. He makes the laws for the empire, and appoints all the judges, lieutenant-governors and other officials of the many provinces. The native Hindoo, therefore, has not the least share in the government of his country. He is just as much under the governor-general's power as are the Russian peasants under that of the czar.

Several reforms, looking toward giving the natives some part in managing their affairs, have just been proposed by the present viceroy, the liberal and progressive Marquis of Ripon. —*Youth's Companion.*

An Ugly Collection.

Of all ugly collections the palm undoubtedly belongs to one lately exhibited in the north of London. It was nothing but an array of cigar stumps picked up during the last seven years in the metropolitan thoroughfares. The collector reckons that he has traveled in that time nearly 12,000 miles on foot, and has appropriated not fewer than 600,000 discarded cigar stumps, averaging in length an inch and a half each. But utility, not beauty, was his object, and he valued his stock at $3,000.

The largest man in the British services is Lieutenant Southerland, of the Fifty-sixth regiment. He is six feet four inches high and weighs 364 pounds.

THE RACE.

The course was open, and the young athlete
With folded arms stood ready there;
No time had he his gathered friends to greet—
There lay the ordeal he must dare.
His well-knit frame spoke high for health and power—
His teeth were set, and in his soul
A purpose fixed, that from the starting hour
His aim should be a gilded goal.

Love was there, but he would not hear her voice;
And friendship strove his heart to keep;
'Twas all in vain, his heart had made its choice—
The world had golden fields to reap.
He cried: "I'll bear no ballast in this race—
Life's loves and cares, I pass them by—
Yonder is the prize, be it mine to trace
The measured distance or to die."

As cleft the air with spirit all aflame—
Sees him out-distance his compeers;
Jaded and worn, and yet his eyes proclaim
A swelling heart as conquest nears.
Cheers for the racer thunder to the sky;
His soul despised them, for he knew
They would have cheered him had he went to die—
All that he longed for was in view.

Ah! yes, he runneth well who runs for gold;
He left behind him life's purest joys,
The race was long and he was growing old,
But still he heard the siren's voice.
Then came the end, he conquered in the strife—
Shook hands with death like all his kind—
He beat the record in the race of life,
And then he left the prize behind!

—*William Lyle.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Up in arms—The midnight baby.

Frogs are proficient in croakay.—*Carl Pretzel.*

The donkey never suffers from softening of the brayin'.—*Picayune.*

It is at the quilting "bee" where you hear the stinging remark.—*New York News.*

The aisle of a church is not the proper place for a sexton with squeaky boots. He should try some other kind of "file."—*New York Advertiser.*

The sexton rings the bell at church,
Its peals of marriage tell,
While in the church the happy groom
Does also ring the belle. —*Drummer.*

Where are our women drifting? asks an anxious writer. They are probably scouring the neighborhood for some butter and sweet milk.—*Drummer.*

It is the fashion this year for baldheaded people to wear their summits so highly polished that when a fly lights on it he'll slip off and break his neck.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

During the winter we feel that we can hold our own pretty well as an average liar, but now that the circus bill adorns the wall we feel our utter insignificance.—*Evansville Argus.*

Yes, my son, it is quite commendable in you that you should wish to see the world; but remember there are better ways of seeing it than through the bottom of a tumbler.—*Boston Transcript.*

Literary Matron—"What does Shakespeare mean by his frequent use of the phrase, 'Go to?'" Matter-of-fact Husband—"Well, perhaps he thought it wouldn't be polite or proper to finish the sentence."—*London Punch.*

It is a breach of etiquette, never to be forgiven, to sneeze in the presence of royalty, but royalty has never bothered itself to tell a man what to do with his nose when he feels a sneeze working along up his suspenders.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Newton was not a gourmand, but he loved neither lettuce nor women." We are not surprised that he didn't love lettuce, but women—well, perhaps they were not cooked to suit him, though most persons like 'em raw.—*Norristown Herald.*

The man that runs an auction,
And watches for a nod,
Must either be near-sighted,
Or else he's very odd.
For when you bid on something
He smiles with sweet content,
And thinks you nod a dollar
When you only nod assent.
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

This is the time of the year that the young man thinks of joining a boat club, and, as a preliminary athletic movement, he purchases a pair of dumb bells. He uses these about five minutes night and morning for two or three days, and then leaves them alone for the rest of the year.—*Puck.*

From the new primer: What is this? It is a Young and Anxious Father. Has It a bottle in Its Hand? Yes, and there's a Big Label on the Small Bottle. What does the Label spell? P-a-r-e-g-o-r-i-c. Where is the Young and Anxious Father going? He is going to the Bawl this Evening. —*New York News.*

A number of scientific papers are puzzling over the cause of dew. We have stopped that long ago, for we know the cause of due is that the time has expired on the last paper we gave at four months. That piece and several others are all over due, and of course any business man should know the cause of it without reading a long scientific article on the subject. Scientists are theorists anyhow, and don't even know business when they have a bill of particulars.—*Drummer.*

It has been decided by an Oregon judge that Chinese actors are not laborers and that they may be permitted, therefore, to enter the United States, under the law recently enacted, without passports.

There are about six hundred creameries in the State of Iowa and the yield of butter is estimated at 100,000,000 pounds per annum.